

PRICE

Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang

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Vol. III

December, 1921

No. 28

*explosion of
pedigreed bunk*



1,500,000 Readers!

SUBJECT

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept. 28th, 1921.

Editor Whiz-Bang,
Robbinsdale, Minn.

Dear Sir:

On September 27th our train #12 was held at Robbinsdale 37 minutes loading what is stated to have been 35,000 lbs. of mail. In order that provision be made to handle such large quantities of mail without causing unnecessary delay to our line, would you kindly furnish the following information:

First, frequency of publication of the magazine.

Second, days or dates when regularly due to be placed in the mails.

Third, approximate weight or number of copies of each issue.

With this information we will consider the making of some special arrangement for bringing to the cities. It might be advantageous to use a baggage car out at Robbinsdale the day before the magazine due to be forwarded.

Yours truly,

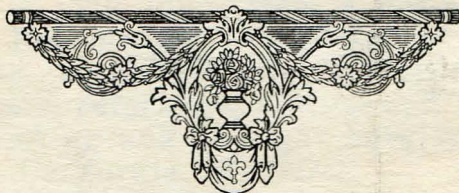
M. J. Wouda

The letter tells the story!

If our Winter Annuals had been loaded at one time Captain Billy would have filled an entire mail train. Hereafter, Gentle Reader, your news dealer will have the Whiz Bang on the 15th of the month, and because of our enormous orders, we will, in future, mail a few truck loads every day throughout the full month, all magazines to be held at the various postoffices until the 15th for delivery. In conclusion, I thank you for your indulgence at delays in getting your Whiz Bang and your Winter Annual. The old Whiz Bang Farm has been a busy spot these past few months. Yours for fun,

CAPTAIN BILLY.

Captain Billy's Whiz Bang



*America's Magazine of
Wit, Humor and
Philosophy*

DECEMBER, 1921

Vol. III. No. 28

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**"We have room for but one soul loyalty and that is
loyalty to the American people.—Theodore Roosevelt.**

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By W. H. Fawcett

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Subscriptions may be received only at authorized news
stands or by direct mail to Robt. Lasdale. We join in no
clubbing offers, nor do we give premiums. Two-fifty a
year in advance.

**Edited by a Spanish and World War Veteran and
dedicated to the fighting forces of the United States**

Drippings From the Fawcett

IT IS a long jump from a one-horse town like Robbinsdale to the land of deciduous fruits, forbidden fruits, fruitless fruits, movie stars, reformers, abilone cuff links, outdoor plumbing and all-night burglar service—meaning California, of course.

I am at this writing occupying a room in that well known San Francisco hostelry which "Fatty" Arbuckle tried to convert into an ice-house. The only kick I have against the St. Francis is that the room clerk assigned me to twin beds. Being of a bullsheviki theosophical frame of mind and also very lonesome, I moved the other twin alongside my twin and slept soundly ever after.

Lolled around for two weeks at the Alexandria, in Los Angeles, and before that at a hotel at Coronado that fairly "oozed" hospitality, although older than the handles on Solomon's wheelbarrow.

There is an ancient quip about the three divisions of liars—plain liars, d—— liars and Native Sons. Also there used to be one that went something like this: "The miners came in '49 and the janets in '51," etc., etc. But they

are both all wrong. Despite what Gus' brother said about Robbinsdale not being a one-horse town after he had spent a week wearing the "white wing" vestments, I am willing to admit that Los Angeles and San Francisco have opened the eyes of an inquisitive farmer from the aforesaid Robbinsdale.

They seem to have everything here including the Whiz Bang—and in this connection permit an old farmer the privilege of remarking that the leading California news distributors, Egbert Brothers, tell me the little old Banger leads all 25-cent magazines in California in the matter of circulation.

So Robbinsdale is on the map in California even if we don't call our hen-coops "Renaissance architecture" and our dog-houses "Colonial garages."

* * *

WE LANDED in Los Angeles just in time to plunk down in the center of a quarrel between expert fanatics and the motion picture people. A flock of moonbeam-chasing neurasthenic preachers insist that evil was not brought into the world by the serpent in Eden but was created by Thomas Edison, who invented the motion picture machine.

The latest synthetic scheme of the reformers calls for Los Angeles censorship for every picture manufactured and exhibited in the city. If the "long hairs" get away with it—and we don't think they will—it will be a huge moral

veictory. Los Angeles youth will then be limited to such amusement as may be gleaned from shooting craps, joy-riding, dancing at road-houses, poker and looking for one's umbrella.

This umbrella story has spinach on it, but in small towns like Robbinsdale it is still good. Has to do with the church-goer who arose hurriedly and left the church as the pastor was in the midst of reading the Ten Commandments. He explained to the pastor afterward that it had just been recalled to his memory where he had left his umbrella.

However, we didn't travel all the way out to California to find our umbrella—or to lose one—and it is nobody's business except our old Minneapolis friend, Dick Ferris, if we did. Dick is living at the Alex in Los Angeles and is one of Southern California's most popular and esteemed citizens. Dick has begun bobbing his hair since his early days in Minneapolis, but says that if hair was brains an old-fashioned parlor sofa would be vice president.

Dick is one of the best entertainers in the Southland. One can step inside the "Ferris Harem" almost any time of day or night and meet anybody from "diggers of the ditches" to the "dignitaries of the ducats."

Roscoe Sarles, famous race driver; Bill Pickens, Barney Oldfield's old manager; Julian Eltinge, the actor; Harry Grayson, sports editor of the Express; "Scotty" Chisholm, golf editor and star; King Young publicity director

for Kathrine MacDonald's pictures; Ham Beall, another publicity director extraordinary; Bob Henderson, wealthy oil operator and owner of the most beautiful home I have ever spilled ashes in—these are only a few of the legion of good fellows with whom I had the pleasure of swapping stories at the Ferris chateau.

* * *

AND speaking of stories, I attended a Motion Picture Press Agents' banquet and heard a good one on the reformers. According to the story, Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts was addressing an audience of the hoi poili and he started off bombastically like this: "You cigar suckers; you cigarette suckers; you pipe suckers—" At this juncture a tenor voice in the rear of the hall sung out: "Hey, Doc, you ain't going to forget us, are you?" Evidently a willy boy with an all-day sucker in his hand.

Getting back to Dick Ferris, the former Minneapolis theatrical magnate, is head of a big taxi concern and on the side is a "promoting fool." Rummaging around in one of Dick's dresser drawers, I ran across a box containing a pair of white silk pajamas. Inside was a card which, in feminine scrawl, informed Dick that they were to be worn when "Alone—and Feeling Blue." Dick hasn't been able to wear them—says he hasn't felt blue since Mt. Lassen was a small hill.

DURING our busy two weeks in Los Angeles we found time to accept invitations to inspect several motion picture studios, among them Universal City and the Katherine MacDonald studio. Miss MacDonald is a very charming and very good-looking young woman—and we feel sorry that such estimable young artists as Miss MacDonald, Miss Bebe Daniels and others must suffer some of the reflected criticism that is brought against the motion picture colony by the antics of some of the lame-brained and low-browed satyrs and satellites.

Out at Universal, Director Eddie Laemmle grabbed a picture of us in a wild-west scene—a Minnesota farmer entirely surrounded by cowboys and "Injuns."

While in the south I also enjoyed a trip to Tia Juana, the Mexican Monte Carlo, just across the border from San Diego. Started to fly down from Rogers' airport in Los Angeles, but had to confine my aerial pilgrimage to a jaunt over the city and beaches. They don't allow American planes to fly across the border because there is so much booze running.

* * *

THROUGH the good offices of the Oil King of Breckenridge, Texas, Bob Henderson, it was our fortune to meet Vice Admiral Wm. Shoemaker. We were gathered in Bob's magnificent home in Los Angeles, formerly occupied by Mary Pickford and Mary Miles Min-

ter (on the q. t., folks, you'll have to admit it was pretty soft for a decrepit old Robbinsdale farmer) indulging in the ornery duties of testing the champagne contents of Robert's cellar.

It was while the sparkling bubbles bubbled that the subject of a visit to Admiral Shoemaker's Pacific fleet bobbed up. Next day we received a personal invitation from the Admiral, who insisted that we board his barge at the San Pedro dock. On the Red River of the North my Dad hauled wheat for the Northern Pacific railroad in a barge and not having been on speaking terms with naval language I assumed that a barge was a heluvan ugly looking thing.

Imagine my surprise, please, when the barefoot jackies heaved ho with an immaculate launch with three golden stars. Pretty soft for a hardened old rascal, I claim. We rolled on to the Flagship "Pennsylvania" and were greeted by the Admiral's aide, Lieut. L. S. Lewis. It was my first view of a battleship and at once I was impressed with the fact that the "Pennsylvania" probably could have licked any of the numerous boats that father once owned on the Red River. I was surprised to learn that the 14-inch guns I had read about were really about 40 feet long instead of 14 inches.

Anyway, we had a delightful time aboard the "Pennsylvania" and it was the first time in my life I ever cussed Josephus Daniels (say it

sweet and low: "gawsch darn him") I had to drink tea. But the Admiral was a wonderful fellow—hale, hearty and well met. We exchanged anecdotes and spent a grand, though dry afternoon. Lieutenant Lewis and his crew of noblemen returned us to the dock in the starry BARGE.

Now in the day of retrospection I fain would believe that the Admiral or his aide must have been in collusion with the "Pennsylvania" gobs because every last one of them either was barefooted or reading Sam Clark's Jim Jam Jems or the little old Banger. Wonderful fellows, these jackies, but the pesky cusses just insisted on looking onward and upward (mostly upward) when the fairly formed feminines in the party mounted from deck to deck. They just couldn't control their naughty eyes. Possibly it had something to do with Bull of the Durham, for I am told that the sailor boys love to roll their own.

* * *

NOW, Gentle Readers of this journal of uplift, I have one little wee surprise for you. Gus, my old time hired man, who jumped the job two months ago, located and surprised me at the Alexandria. Gus is a pestiferous cuss and has the faculty of bobbing up at the crucial moment. My "supply" had given out and promptly, even more promptly than had been his will to paint boats at Breezy Point Lodge, he supplied the missing medicine. It was "terrible stuff" but with the sailor boys

I'll say—Any port in a storm. His juniper juice created a tempest within me but I was glad nevertheless once again to shake the hoary hand of toil.

In parting I slipped Gus a five simoleon note. He whispered that he was "on the rocks" and hadn't worked since he left Minnesota. We then and there entered into a gentleman's agreement that he never again would work for me unless his duties would be solely acting as Indian guide at Breezy Point at a wage of nothing—except the maternal or fraternal friendship of Maggie, our cook. Gus loves Maggie, I think, but better still, he loves her flapjacks.

Adios to you, Gustav, and here's hoping I don't see you till the fishing season next spring.

* * *

JUST one more drop or so before turning off the tap. It happened to be my good luck to be invited by Bill Eltinge, better known in the theatrical world as Julian, to attend a stag party in honor of the Los Angeles and Vernon baseball teams at the Maier brewery in Los Angeles. Doc Stone was master of ceremonies and he treated us lonely two hundred homeless and wifeless old stags in a royal manner. From a purely personal standpoint there was but one action that marred the entire evening. After being entertained to a realistic view of the grand canyon and a wonderful dance performed by Slim Summerfield and

Bobby Dunn of the Fox studio, the right honorable toastmaster called on "Captain Billy Whiz Bang" to recitate. Imagine a rube farmer trying to spread the fertilizer over the rathskeller of an up-to-date Loz Onglaz brewery. Impossible, I'll say.

Here I had been trying all evening to "put on the dog" with Frank Chance of Cub fame next to me, Julian Eltinge, world renowned actor, to my right, Dick Ferris, best known privateer in the public eye in front of me, not to mention such luminaries as Bill Essick, Wade Killifer, Larry McGraw and Jack Miligan all around. Then there was "Shine" Scott doing the honors back of the "near" beer bar, and "Shine" is well known to every ball player on the Pacific Coast. Oh, by the way, I certainly cannot overlook the immortal Tod Sloan. Either I followed Tod or he followed me because it was my good fortune to drink Manhattans with him in the Sunset Inn at Tia Juana and near beer near here.

Now, readers, to tell the truth, it's quite trying to write about this wonderful party while the writer has a perfectly good Scotch highball on the desk beside him. (Here goes another "Happy Day.")

One must, as one says, review one's bunk to see where one's left off. Talk about Southern hospitality, well, give me the Coast. Anyway, I never made the speech. How could I

after Eltinge had brought tears of joy to members of this famous gathering?

Like the lowly backward shyster of pedigreed bull that I am, I failed to carry out the principles of my "deah" old friend Volstead. (This effort calls for one Scotch heeball.) So I walked upon the brewery stage. And when I made my bow I'll tell you one thing which every ball player and umpire of Southern California will verify. The stein of near beer was clutched fondly in my sturdy right hand.

It was a rotten speech—in fact, no speech at all. My Los Angeles physician had prescribed that I take "one tablespoonful in milk every hour." The milkman and my watch both went hay-wire.

But I had a good time—an elegant time and awakened next day with fond remembrances of the morning after the night before.

* * *

THERE are still a few rumbling in San Francisco regarding Arbuckle and his now famous party. The stories they tell are wonderful to listen to by way of teaching us farmers what strange means certain persons have devised to get a kick out of life.

For instance, as my friend Barney Google would say, take this little "roomer":

Two of the numerous members of the party decided to entertain their guests—the party was "dragging" as it were. The form of entertainment provided so I am told, was the kind

few of us number among our accomplishments. Somehow or other, we have never gotten over that old-fashioned idea that certain ceremonies listed in the regular catalog or otherwise, are not for an audience. Rather, they are for occasions dedicated solely to the gods and ourselves.

And then there was another. That when certain restrictive measures were indulged in, the Arbuckle counsel had it whispered about that should things get too strong, the defense might allow the names of certain men and women, socially prominent in San Francisco, to be introduced as possible witnesses to testify as to the actual happenings.

Needless to say, the well known Mr. and Mrs. Consternation immediately entered upon the scene.

* * *

AND there was Captain Al Waddell, who commanded a battery in our late fracas. Al is the boy who made a hero out of Cliff Durant out here—really put over the son of the “Master Mind” of the automotive world, W. C. Durant. Al, who knows everybody and everything in California, might have made a fortune in writing a Hearst feature about the Durant divorce—but he’s too busy selling the Perfecto two-speed axles for Fords—whatever they may be.

It seems that for six years young Cliff had been telling his wife what to do. When he re-

turned from an important conference in New York with his dad, who was still president of the General Motors, she calmly announced:

"For six years I've been listening to you tell me what to do. Now for six seconds just listen to me tell you what to do." The inside of the bomb contained these sweet tidings: "Just give me one-half of what you own."

Since Cliff was worth eight or ten millions, you'll advise it was disastrous news from the front, inasmuch as she "made it stick."

And now, so the story goes, Cliff won't have to worry and fret about any mysterious looking gentleman coming to stop at his hotel at Le Bec when he blows in.

* * *

THERE'S another echo from the town of fogs and poodle dogs that doesn't ring of Robbinsdale.

Just shortly after that infamous Howard Street Gangsters affair the police raided a "Love Nest." It seems that, regardless of race, creed or color (or sex) you indulged your favorite diversion while in the "Love Nest" with your neighbor. Inasmuch as minors were involved, there was another "Roman holiday" expected for those who would crowd the prisons. Just when they were getting ready to point thumbs down, the defense asked for continuance. "And on what grounds?" demanded the prosecution.

"So that we may bring witnesses—women of

high social rank in the city—to testify, by way of the indisputable means of photographs, that my clients are nothing more than artistic photographers, specializing in taking photos of women in the nude.”

It is a rather singular fact that the continuance was granted, that little more was heard about the case and that instead of being sent to San Quentin for fifty years the defendants got off with light sentences.

Asked how they could account for these women posing in the Altogether, one of the “Artistic photographers” replied, “Well, every woman seems to feel that she has the form divine.”

* * *

RUNNING across old friends is one of the best things you do on these jamborees. Here in 'Frisco I found two old Minneapolis Journal men holding down important jobs—Jim Callahan, now business manager of the Examiner and generally considered one of Hearst's “right hand” men, and Chris Helin, manager of The Examiner's Automobile Department. I am sorry to say that they are both back sliders and wouldnt' trade the nip of the peninsula for half of Minnesota.

Funny how these fellows go loco when they reach California. Really, folks, you wouldnt' expect your friends to try to sell you real estate, would you?

MY VISIT to San Francisco was the first since 1904, when I came home from doing my Spanish-American war "bit" in the Philippines. She's a different city since the fire. California is a great state for new building—buildings going up here and everywhere. Among other enterprises they are building a lot of old missions, I understand.

Saw a sign over a Mission street doorway reading: "Virtue & Co., Ltd." It used to be "unlimited" here back in the Dupont street days in 1904, but I thought that had all gone with Barbary Coast.

Am off for New York but hope now to come back later.

* * *

Canadian Stuff

A little glass of near-beer;
A little drop of ether,
Will make the world spin merrily,
In any kind of weather.

* * *

Times Are Improving

"How's business?" asked the passenger.
"Better," said the conductor as he shoved his hands in his pockets, "I can feel the change already."

Fable of a Sap

*He sitteth and enjoyeth
The Evening
And Spendeth only
His Time.*

An Opulent Love Letter!

Oh, dearie! just the lucid thought of your love, yes just to think of it fills my combined heart and soul with the most limpid fulgency. Every time I think of you my erotic pumping organ vibrates all through my body. It is just your love that keeps my soul from sacrifice. One minute I imagine you are exulting your thought on me in the most wonderful way, and then I feel, Oh, so strong and lusty, and it encounters the greatest exultation of my life, but before I know it the door flies open and the entire thought escapes without impetus, and then the next thing to come is a thought rather much undesirable.

I just imagine you think very little of me and that you are keeping it concealed just to see how jejune you can drain my poor heart from that pure living love of yours, and, Oh! it makes me feel so impotent that I want to loll my life away. It is just the lack of your levity that hurts, and my heart turns gelid and cold but after I carry that muse for a minute then the most mellifluous thought comes to my mind telling me that you are thinking of me in the most elegant way and my eyes fly wide open with fraught fulgency and I feel as though I am floating on a lovely pink cloud eating ice cream smothered in violets, and Oh!

* * *

It's a strong stomach that has no turning.

In Good

"Grace is in luck."

"How so?"

"Two fellows are calling on her. One is a florist and the other owns a candy store."

* * *

How Otherwise?

Eve had no Christmas,
Neither did Adam,
Never wore socks,
Nobody had 'em,
Never got cards,
Nobody did,
Did they enjoy Christmas—
We'll say they did!

* * *

Pat and Mike Stuff

An Irishman, who was very drunk, was riding on the back platform of an old-fashioned trolley car, and with every pitch and swerve he would sway and nearly fall off. The conductor's warning to be seated inside were waived aside with "I'm all right."

Soon the car swung around a curve where the bank was steep and rocky. The Irishman swayed and pitched head-long down the bank, being badly bruised and knocked unconscious. While being carried back up the bank he regained consciousness and asked: "Was anyone hurt in the wreck?"

"There wasn't any wreck," replied the conductor. "Begorra!" exclaimed the Irishman: "If I had known that I wouldn't have jumped."

The City of Lost Angels

The following article, written by Rev. Golightly Morrill, was inspired by a tour he made of the movie camps two years ago. We cannot agree that Rev. Morrill's description fits the present day Hollywood and Los Angeles. Indeed, we found the situation quite pleasing. It is true that Los Angeles is brimful of vim, vigor and vitality, and why shouldn't it be? If one was to take a thousand of the world's most beautiful women and implant them on Robbinsdale's virgin soil, or in any other town, Rev. Morrill would find as much to scorch his burning pen. So before you read this, gentle reader, let's give three cheers for California.—The Editor.

* * *

BY REV. "GOLIGHTLY" MORRILL
Pastor, People's Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

ONE NIGHT I went out from Los Angeles with my moral telescope to make some observations in the movie firmament. Music was playing, but the Muse of Music would never recognize it. In Collins' Ode, Music was a "heavenly maid," played in Greece and was Wisdom's aid, chaste and sublime—perhaps, but not here. It was jazz gone drunk and crazy, to the great delight of prodigal sons and daughters.

Through clouds of cigarette smoke I saw the movie stars. These "heavenly bodies" have very earthly souls. Some were fixed stars at

tables, others falling into partners' arms, and shooting stars were shooting love glances at each other. Some other stars seemed votaries of Astarte, the licentious goddess to whom a temple has been erected in Hollywood, where I was entertained by a French countess, who regaled me with tea, fresh cakes and a veritable Madame de Stael (not stale) vivacious conversation on travel, music, art, literature and religion. Although she was French, I fully understood her good English accent and gesture, as I did the meaning of her charming sister who went to the piano and sang, "I love you." Morals and movies are not inseparable. Hollywood is the modern Daphne Grove where the Seventh of the Ten Commandments is frequently forgotten or erased.

Southern California, the "land of the flea," is also an artists' paradise. The paint most advertised is cosmetics. The dearest paintings I noticed were those walking on the streets. The Angelenos are expert painters of scenery and theatre signs, of auto bodies, and of their own faces with liquor. But why is art necessary at all? They have climate, and that divides the honor with charity in covering a multitude of sins. Nature has placed all California artists in the shade by placing on her easel the matchless pieces of sea, field and mountain. Practical art is found in the "drawings" of gold ore from the soil and money from the pockets of the speculators. The water

color is irrigation that turns the brown earth green. The "oil" is petroleum from which modern mining masters are making millions compared with the price the oils of the old masters bring. Murder is one of the fine arts of Los Angeles, promoted by autos which assume the pedestrian has no rights and deliberately knock him right and left and leave him bruised and bleeding. The trouble is not so much wine as auto-intoxication. There is an auto to every thirteen inhabitants, which may account for so many unlucky accidents. The auto roads in the state are the finest in the world. They can't be called "rotten" even though they are made from decomposed granite.

Most attractive are the beaches near Los Angeles. Here caterpillar trams crawl along, sidewalks which swarm with gum-chewers, popcorn-munchers, gingerale-guzzlers, peanut-masticators, hawkers of red hot dogs, spitters of tobacco, ice cream cone venders, stylish freaks and freakish styles, nice and naughty men, good and bad girls, and roller skaters. I grew dizzy at Ferris wheels, aeroplanes, roller-coasters, the plunge bath of the great unwashed, pavilions of dirt, drink, dancing and dissipation. Over all there hung a Cologne variety of smells. Couples were swinging in pier dance halls to ragtime orchestras. There were high dives in the water, and low dives on the street where the innocent were doped, debauched and robbed. Noise was raised to the

nth power. Instead of the sweet sea breeze there was the strong aroma of popcorn and perspiration.

At the beach you discover many things Columbus never found in his travels—peanut shells, dippy dippers, tin cans, can cans, tin horn sports, human lobsters and jelly fish, shell games, gulls and gullibles, papers, lunch boxes, bags, flasks, mermaids, mere men, kids with pails and shovels, playmates, families, spoony couples, kelp, garters, dead fish, fishermen, lines, nets, boats, cottages, hotels, resorts, boardwalks, promenades, bare legs, arms, feet, busts, driftwood and piers. Here one can find lost souls without exploring the shores of Phlegethon, Cocytus and Avernus.

L. A.'s Elysium Park is like the classic one in one respect. When Aeneas went through the Elysian fields all the objects were clothed in a purple light—here it is the haze from innumerable autos whose exhausts wrap everything in smoky pall and smell. The park is a good place to spend hours with the Houris, and to keep it from being a Paradise Lost, one is prohibited from spending the night there. Many enact here the myths of the nymphs and satyrs. Holiday guests are often found "star-scattered" on the grass, acting out the Rubaiyat.

There is only one "Lost" Angeles in all the world.

Dal's Philosophy

It's easy enough to be pleasant,
With a lass and a glass and a song,
But the man worth while is the guy who can
smile,
When he's got the old woman along.

* * *

Oh, I Wisha Wuza Lightnin' Bug!

(From Cortland, (N. Y.) Standard)

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Tayntor entertained Mr. and Mrs. Charles Olds and son, Walter, of Syracuse, on Monday, and learned from them that Mr. Olds' daughter, Mrs. Hazel Hammond, was struck by lightning during a recent thunder storm, the skin being burned from one leg some six inches, and then the lightning followed a water pipe and came out of a faucet.

* * *

Let's Swell Up and Bust

A man took his wife out to dinner at a hotel restaurant the other night. A short-skirted damsel breezed in and, there being nobody else in sight, proceeded to vamp him.

"My dear," grinned the fatuous chump to his wife, "that girl over there is smiling at me."

"That's nothing," replied the better half, "when I first saw you I laughed like hell."

* * *

Joys of Matrimony

Papa—"Has the young man who has been calling on you given you any encouragement?"

Daughter—"Oh, yes, father! Just think last night he asked me if you and mother were pleasant to live with."

Scotty's Wail

O wad some power the giftie gie 'em,
To see their legs as others see 'em!
It was frae monie a short skirt free 'em,
And foolish notion,
That toothpicks and piano legs
Inspire devotion.

* * *

Did It Ever Happen to You?

Met a pretty girl one day,
Took her down to see a play;
Bought her candy, cake and cream,
And other things that she had seen.
Thought I was in good all right,
When I took her home that night,
Hung around and begged a kiss,
And what think you she said, this miss?
"Of all the cheap skates I ever lamped with my 'once
overs,'
You are the crustiest two by twice, hair-brained gazeke
on Gawd's earth,
Shake those gunboats of yours and evaporate.
GOOD NIGHT!"

* * *

Answer This One, Girls

He—"I am going to ask you a question. If you answer 'yes,' you mean 'no,' but if you do not answer, I am to have a kiss.

She, after much deliberation—"All right, 'shoot'."

He—"If I should kiss you, would you be angry?"

She—"____"

Limber Kicks

Gal O' Mine

*When first I kissed my little gal,
And felt her sweet embraces,
I knew I'd found an "only pal"
And would soon get down to cases.
Alas, it proved a ghastly joke,
My friends began to snicker;
I found myself K. O'd and broke,
Dang that gal. of liquor.*

* * *

"I will be true while you're away,"
Thus ran the damsel's song.
"I will be true; but, oh, I say,
Don't be away too long."

* * *

Beware, Oil Men!

By Casper Y. Homing.

*Oh, mother, may I go out to swim,
Way down behind the willers,
I'll hang my clothes on a hickory limb,
And won't go near the drillers.*

* * *

Hibrow Poetry

*Her petticoat was georgette blue,
Her dress was cheese cloth red,
When she passes 'tween me and light,
I always turn my head.*

Courting Up to Date

"The demure, shrinking type of maiden used to be able to walk to the altar with the matrimonial bacon," complains Miss Etta Kette, "but the one who brings home the husband now-a-days seems to be the one who grabs him and bites her initials in his cheek."

* * *

A Sundodger

Baby—"I want my bottle."

Mother—"Keep quiet. You're just like your father."

* * *

Crossing the "Bar"

Midnight, a gleaming star,
On one who pinches me,
For hanging on a "soft drink" bar
Till I can hardly see.
Curled peacefully in ash barrel I would sleep
And dream of foaming mug,
But policeman with a bass voice deep,
Puts me in the jug.

* * *

Knock 'er On the Kiss!

A discussion on dancing became quite heated. The Girl in the case challenged her partner to prove his contention that any man could kiss a girl against her will. They clinched and after a brief but determined struggle, the girl was being ardently osculated. Upon being freed from the fervent hold the girl sighed and said, "Well, you won but it wasn't fair. My foot slipped. Let's try it again."

Questions and Answers

Dear Captain Billy—Could you explain the latest dance called "The Horse Trot"?—**White Capp.**

According to our New York correspondent, "The Horse Trot" is done with a little wagon behind.

* * *

Mon Capitaine—What ees zis theeng zey call ze "all day suckair"?—**Suzanne Lengthen.**

An "all day sucker," Suzanne, is a poor simp who buys a girl's lunch and supper; takes her to a show; puts on a midnight feed, and has the taxi wait while he bids her good night at the door of her flat.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—Kissing causes my heart to flutter violently. What should I do when my sweetheart tries to kiss me?—**May Leigh.**

Letter flutter.

* * *

Dear Keptin—What is the quickest lunch you ever heard of?—**Pholush A. Ginn.**

Hasty pudding on a Jewish Fast day.

Dear Captain Billy—I have several gentlemen friends whom I would like to give presents to on Christmas. Would you kindly give me a list of suggestions?—**Miss Goo C. Lou.**

Below are ten suggestions which I think would make gifts appreciated by almost any man:

1. A quart of hootch.
2. A quart of hootch.
3. A quart of hootch.
4. A quart of hootch.
5. A quart of hootch.
6. A quart of hootch.
7. A quart of hootch.
8. A quart of hootch.
9. A quart of hootch.
10. A quart of hootch.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—What is a husband?—**Little Willie.**

Something no respectable woman should be without.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—What is steam?—**Talo Pott.**

Steam is water gone crazy with the heat.

* * *

Dear Biliou Skipper—I am a bride of two weeks and my husband has broken my heart accusing me of extravagance and failure to economize in the home. I have tried lots of cheap dishes without success. Could you

suggest a few menus which would enable me to make both ends meet?—*Worried Marjorie.*

Well, Marj, I am not much of an expert at cooking so I have referred your question to Maggie the hired girl. She suggests as a cheap dish, beans, but if you have tried them without success, why not try serving tongue and eggs?

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—Can you tell me where moonshine comes from?—*Hugo Chaser.*

No, that's a secret still.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—I am informed that it is absolutely proper for a lady to shake hands when sitting. If so, has the gentleman the same privilege?—*Minnie Haha.*

When shaking hands in this glorious land of the free and the home of the Drys, a Gentleman does it standing, a lady has the privilege of shaking sitting down, and a Dog does it standing on three legs.

* * *

Dear Captain—What makes the ocean so blue?—*T. N. T.*

Because it has to embrace so many objectionable people.

* * *

Dear Bill—Why does a chicken cross the road?—*Slim Jim.*

Because she sees some fellow over there who looks like easy picking.

Pat, Lady Killer

A son of Erin wandered into a revival meeting one night. After listening to the revivalist catalogue the crimes and misdemeanors of which his hearers were guilty and enlarge upon the danger of spending eternity in a warm but insalubrious climate, the poor Irishman felt that he was "hair hung and breeze shaken over hell" 'as Elder Means said. Soon he was under deep "conviction" and in due time was soundly converted.

A few evenings later he arose to give his "testimony" and said: "Ladies and gintlemen; Oh, Oi beg yer pardon—My Dear Sisters an' Brothers; you know O'im not used to spakin' in meetin's like this. But Oi want to tell you that O'im glad Oi'm saved. An' be the way, it took a helluva lot of grace to save me, for Oi was a dom bad man. Oi lied an' dhrank an' swore an' stole an' gambled an' did everyt'ing that was low and vile an' mean. An' more than that, Oi was a 'killer' among the women, as many of the sisters here present kin testify."

* * *

A Chaplin Prayer

Danny was a good boy.

Jimmy was not.

Danny said his prayers—"Give us this day our daily bread."

But Jimmy interrupted—"Strike him for pie, Danny."

The Bray of An Ass

A man who was walking through a train inadvertently left the door of one of the cars open. A big man sitting in a seat in the middle of the car yelled: "Shut the door, you fool! Were you raised in a barn?"

The man who had left the door open closed it and then, dropping into a seat, buried his face in his hands and began to weep. The big man looked somewhat uncomfortable and, rising finally walked up to the weeper and tapped him on the shoulder.

"My friend," he said, "I didn't intend to hurt your feelings. I just wanted you to close the door."

The man who was weeping raised his head and grinned. "Old man," he said, "I am not crying because you hurt my feelings, but because you asked me if I was raised in a barn. The fact is that I was raised in a barn, and every time I hear an ass bray it makes me homesick."

* * *

'Throw Out the Life Line'

"How did you like the banquet last night?"

"Fine. There was a lady at the table across from me who had one of those 'table line gowns' on. She looked like Venus."

"How do you know she had on a gown, then?"

"I dropped my fork."

**Whiz
Bang Editorials**

"The Bull is Mightier Than the Bullet."

THERE are many "Calamity Janes" in the U. S. A. One of their stock cries, just after a crime has been committed is, "If she gets off, she's going in the movies!"

Let us look at the real facts. Searching the history of the moving picture business, in not a single instance has a murder been starred in pictures.

About seven or eight years ago a wealthy married man in Virginia was shot by his wife (or was it by a girl in the case?)—Beulah Binford—because he had trifled with her affections. The courts proved the man a rotter, and because Beulah was a very young girl, she was released without a prison sentence. Beulah's heart and life were broken and she wanted to bury herself in her little home town and try to start over again, but she needed money. An unscrupulous promoter from New York who thought he could profit by the notoriety caused by the crime, made her an offer to be starred in pictures. Beulah went to New York. The picture was taken but the

police closed Madison Square Garden when it was scheduled to show there. Even in those early days of picturedom, movie companies of any standing were bitterly incensed against promoters who wanted to make money by exploiting crime.

The tragic figure in this case was Beulah Binford herself. When the picture failed to bring in receipts she was left alone and penniless in a strange city. She went from studio to studio asking for work, but despite the fact that she was beautiful, no one wanted to take a chance with her. Finally the Republic Film Company, of New York, gave her a job sorting papers in their office. She went through countless hardships in the city. What has become of her, we do not know.

A few years later, in Wisconsin, a boy student killed his sweetheart in a lonely wooded section not far from the state university buildings. The case was never proved to have been premeditated murder and he was not given a prison sentence. A well known New York syndicate writer, a woman went out to Wisconsin and tied up the boy's services for pictures. She then hastened back to New York to sell the contract for a profit. Every picture company in New York turned down her proposition to star the boy!

After Marie Edwards shot Senator Lyons a year or so ago in California, she visited

all the studios in Los Angeles in an attempt to get into the movies. Not a single position was offered her.

Mrs. Louise Peete, who was recently sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of J. C. Denton at his home in Los Angeles, made overtures to the picture companies during the time she thought she was going to be freed. Not a single studio executive paid the slightest attention to her attempts to be exploited on the screen.

The "son" of Senator New, who brutally killed his sweetheart in Topanga Canyon near Los Angeles about a year ago, also thought he might follow a picture career, but this was cut short when he was sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary.

Mrs. Marie Bailey, who shot her sweetheart, Clarence Hogan, in Pasadena last December, told all reporters that she was going to be featured in pictures as soon as she was released. Mrs. Bailey had previously played in pictures, but when she was arrested, picture studios all made the notation that she would never again be hired even as an "extra." Marie has gone "up" for ten years.

The Clara Lamont picture, "Fate," although already produced, has not been exhibited in the theatres. In the light of the history of past cases has it a chance?

* * *

Burning kisses always go with sparks.

AN AUTHORITY once established is hard to controvert. That is why it is going to be one heck of a job to knock any kind of a dent into the present Volstead law prohibiting even a smelling acquaintance with wine, beer or regular hard "licker." Organized minorities vote solidly in politics; the vote of the majority is scattered. There is nothing more easily swayed than popular opinion and popular "passion" with the right kind of propaganda.

I remember when Carpentier, the French fight champ, came across to get his bump on the beak, Gus and I were discussing the antics of the New York society women who "literally" fought with each other for the privilege of kissing him at a garden party. It is the human nature of the female of the specie to kiss the male brute at every opportune occasion, and, under stress of easily aroused emotions, under other conditions as well.

Emotion is a primitive human instinct and if women swarm to kiss a prize fighter in these enlightened days, it is easy to understand how an unorganized majority of males, as well as females, might be moulded by proper propaganda to a conviction that this country will go to the bow wows unless booze of all character and description is kicked into the discard.

We must admit that the prohibition minority did not slip anything over on the majority when it wasn't looking. First they sneaked

into a few legislatures and then they put it through Congress and had it ratified by their legislatures. The majority found out about it when it was too late. All the majority can do now is to defy the Volstead law and vote down the enforcement provisions of it. Some of them are doing this—while others are becoming Cunard addicts and going to Europe and Havana.

Europe used to be a continent of kings—now it is only America's corner saloon.

We have never held any particular briefs for Squirrel whisky and other forms of 100 proof "hootch." But even our former president, Woodrow—what was his name?—Wilson, is strong for wines and beers and we are willing to stack with him on this question, at least. It is going to be a hard job—getting any concessions from the prohibitionists. We believe Gus has the right idea, however, when he says the day of the "bum voyage" to Europe is nearing a close, and that the old familiar sign "Wines, Liquors and Segars" may soon be dusted off and tacked up outside the front door.

* * *

The Way They Sing It

We will now sing that little Nanny-goat song entitled "Mammy." Also that well known ballad "Just a Japanese Ashcan."

* * *

The stage contortionist leads a double life.

Smokehouse Poetry

Every once in a while we get regular he-man verse prompted by dreams in some feather bed, but from the pen of Budd L. McKillips, Whiz Bang readers again are to be treated with a poem inspired by real life. In the Winter Annual of the Whiz Bang we reproduced Mr. McKillips' poem "After the Raid," inspired while Mr. McKillips, as a newspaper reporter, "covered" a story of the raid on the National Dutch Room cabaret in Minneapolis. Recently pretty Zelda Crosby, picture scenario writer, of New York, committed suicide in a hotel by drinking poison, as a result of a prominent film magnate spurning her after teaching her the ways of love and folly. This magnate, like many other alleged reformers, has been a leading figure in the movement for purity in pictures. The title of Mr. McKillips' poem, written exclusively for the Whiz Bang, is "The Girl From Over 'There'." In addition to that poem we are publishing a crackerjack rival to the "Gila Monster Route," with which Winter Annual readers have fallen in love, called "The Blanket Stiff."

* * *

The Spirit of Mortal

Oh, Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, like a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
And be scattered around and together be laid,
And the old and the young and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,

The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each all are away to their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who limbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been:
We see the same sights our fathers have seen—
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber shall come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died!—ay; they died, we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode;
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon, the bier and the shroud;
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Just Thinking

By Hudson Hawley.

(In the Stars and Stripes.)

Standin' up here on the fire-step,
Lookin' ahead in the mist,
With a tin hat over your ivory
And a rifle clutched in your fist;
Waitin' and watchin' and wond'rin'
If the Huns comin' over tonight—
Say, aren't the things you think of,
Enough to give you a fright?

Things you ain't even thought of
For a couple o' months or more;
Things that 'ull set you laughin';
Things that 'ull make you sore;
Things that you saw in the movies,
Things that you saw on the street,
Things that you're really proud of,
Things that are—not so sweet.

Debts that are past collection,
Stories you hear and forget,
Ball games and birthday parties,
Hours of drill in the wet;
Headlines, recruitin' posters,
Sunsets way out at sea,
Evenings of pay days—golly—
It's a queer thing, this memory!

Faces of pals in the home burg,
Voices of women folk,
Verses you learned in school days,
Pop up in the mist and smoke,
As you stand there grippin' that rifle,
A standin' and chilled to the bone,
Wonderin' and wonderin' and wonderin',
Just thinkin' there—all alone!

When will the war be over?
When will the gang break through?
What will the U. S. look like?
What will there be to do?
Where will the Boshes be then?
Who will have married Nell?
When's that relief a-comin' up?
Gosh! But this thinkin's hell!

Gee Whiz

By Dorothy.

Dream girl with your raven hair
Eyes of brown and dimples too
Can't you find one day to spare
That I may elope with you?

Too many ginks are on your hooks
You trifle right and left
They toddle round with hungry looks
Poor nuts they're all bereft.

Dream girl get your cigarettes
And I'll produce the booze,
Put the brake on vain regrets
And let us burn the fuse.

Hire a hall or buy a yacht
It's all the same, Oh! gee
But give me everything you've got
It's coming straight to ME.

Dream girl with your raven hair
Come cuddle up and tease
Love me, bite me like a bear,
Then kiss me—naughty—please.

Make it today and don't postpone
Don't make your sweetie pout,
Dear heart I'm sitting all alone
For the darned old booze gave out.

* * *

The Land of Gee and Haw

By Ted Lattourette Hansford.

I have a home I'm not ashamed of,
In the land of Gee and Haw,
Where Jeff Davis found a pile of rocks
And called it Arkansas.

And I am going back to Flatrock,
Where the cornfed people stay,
And they make a little moonshine
Just to pass the time away.

I can see old Hank and Silas,

A firing up the drum
To run a drink that's guaranteed
To put sorrow on the bum.

It glistens like the dewdrops,
At the dawn of early morn,
And you can smell the boys' feet
That plowed the yaller corn.

It fills your heart with gratitude,
And keeps you feeling fine,
Like everybody was owin' you
And you didn't need a dime.

'Tis the land where satisfaction,
Peace, love and feuds reside,
And the farms they sit up edgeways;
You can farm on either side.

Where they dance from dark till daylight,
Calling swing, and balance all;
With the fiddler full o' pine top,
Playing Turkey in The Straw.

When you read these lines, yours truly
Will be there for evermore,
Wading through the moonshine,
Singing Sailor on The Shore.

And my address, should you want me,
Will be Flatrock, Arkansaw;
Care o' Wildcat Hiram Johnson,
In the Land of Gee and Haw.

* * *

Ten Years on the Islands

Ten years on the Islands,
And you're mad;
Not a spark of decency—
Oh! it's sad;
Can't recall one sober day,
That you've had;
You've let the tropics get you,
And you're bad.

Ten years on the Islands,
And you fell,
Hardly conscious of surrender,
To the spell;

You're eaten up with leprosy,
 Traders tell,
 You're a comber of the beaches—
 Gone to hell.

Ten years on the islands,
 It's too long,
 To preserve one's sense of right,
 And of wrong,
 The tropic's spell is gentle,
 But it's strong,
 It feeds the soul on lotus,
 Till it's gone.

* * *

Spoiled Girl

When you are awfully cross to me
 I pout, and pout, and pout,
 My lip goes down, my eyes get big
 And then my tears come out.

When you are awfully good to me
 I smile, and smile, and smile,
 So if you like sun more than rain
 Try being good awhile.

* * *

Great Gawsch!

"Hang it all, daughter," exploded old Jenkins. "You can't marry young Dobbins, I won't have it. Why he only makes eighteen dollars a week."

"I know father," replied the sweet young thing, "but a week passes so quickly when you are fond of each other."

* * *

Hot Dog!

It doesn't extinguish the conflagration in a man's burning brain when a pretty girl turns her hose on him.

How to Get Tips

Smith Dalrymple tells this one: When I was in Bartlesville I went into a lady barber shop to get shaved. That was the first female joint I ever saw. When I went in the barber was sitting on a fellow's lap.

She jumped up and said, "You're next."

I said, "I know it and I know who I am next to."

She said, "Do you want a close shave?"

I said, "No, I just had one, my wife passed the window and didn't look in."

I gave her a quarter, she handed me back ten cents and before I thought where I was I said, "Put it in the piano."

* * *

Those Flivvers Again

We heard a couple talking in the rear of a machine ahead of us. The man sighed, "Oh, dearest, you never have acted this way before. Always you have been cold towards me and now you're—"

So I put on my brakes and pulled my radiator away from the back of their machine.

* * *

Someone's Inhaling Ether

(From the Chicago Tribune)

"She had those wide blue eyes whose expression can be misleading in their infantile pathos; hair fine and shining like gossamer gold; a complexion firm and white, with the barest breath of rose leaf pink on the cheek bones, and the whole of her was small, neat, rounded."

Just Like the Army

The prosy old parson was coming and his hostess carefully drilled her daughter to answer the string of questions he always asked every little girl: (1) "What is your name?" (2) "How old are you?" (3) "Are you a good little girl?" (4) "Do you know where bad little girls go?"

But the little girl was overtrained and when the reverend visitor began by asking her her name, she spilled all the answers at once in a single breath.

"Dorothy, sir; six years old, sir; yes, sir; go to hell, sir."

* * *

Blank Verse

Dear Captain Billy,
I am full of regrets,
Because the other night
I set out to find the gold
At the end of the rainbow.
And all that I saw was
"The Gold Diggers."
Ain't that always the way
In Boston?

* * *

Sneeze Hearty

"I rise to propose a little toast," announced the president of the Hay Fever Club.

"What is it?"

"Here's looking at—choo!"

Hollywood Flirtations

IT IS rumored around filmland that handsome (?) "Bull" Montana is shortly to be married. Doug Fairbanks, in lowbrow days before he married Mary, used to pal around with "Bull" and other ringside favorites, but 'tis said Mary ruled against Bull as being "declassé."

* * *

IT WILL be remembered that Viola Dana was a very close friend of Orma Locklear, the famous aviator, who was killed about a year ago. A few months later, she was often seen with Earl Daugherty, also a well known aviator, who maintains one of the finest flying fields in Southern California. Now Earl and Viola are never seen together. What happened, Viola?

* * *

'TIS SAID on "Elinor Glyn Night" at the Ambassador Cocanut Grove, our visiting English authoress ate her entire supper without once removing her long white gloves. Those were "great moments" when the olives, corn and asparagus came on! Elinor was again accompanied by that tall, youngish

actor, Dana Todd. Hollywood has been undergoing mental confusion all summer as to whether Dana was in love with Gloria Swanson or Elinor or merely a protege protector of both ladies when they took their evenings out.

* * *

LOIS WILSON, Lasky star, has a brand new Chicago millionaire beau who seems to be quite serious in his intentions. Mildred Harris, who has also been playing over at the Lasky lot of late, is favoring a millionaire of brunette hue.

* * *

MABEL NORMAND went off on a farm in Vermont last winter and drank milk until she could again ask her friends how one could lose weight. Just now, a distinguished looking gentleman with gray hair is trotting Mabel about to the dance emporiums.

* * *

Bessie Love is often seen at the cafes, but almost always with "mama." Lost your hunting license, Bessie?

* * *

THE other evening when Clara Kimball Young stepped out with Harry Garson wearing a whole photoplay worth of ermine and diamonds, a very embarrassing thing happened. They danced of course, but in one of those floor jams, Clara suddenly found her lovely head parked on the shoulder of her ex-spouse, Jimmy Young. Gallant to the end,

Jimmy appeared not to notice—but when the next dance began, Jimmy sat it out with his partner at one end of the ball-room while Clara feigned weariness at the other end!

* * *

RUTH RENICK, film star, is in love with an unknown hero. While horseback riding the other day, she hurt her ankle and went into a drug store for aid. Then she grew faint and fell right over into the arms of a handsome stranger. He vanished when she woke up and that ends the story. Ruth and “we all” are hoping for developments.

* * *

Roy Stewart has been riding horseback of late with Miss Stanley Partridge, a young Los Angeles society girl.

* * *

Walter Morosco and Betty Compson are often seen stepping about together.

* * *

YES, we admit that this item should have headline position. 'Tis true that Mr. and Mrs. Wallace MacDonald (Doris May), took a second-run honeymoon over at Catalina.

* * *

BILL DESMOND and his own wife, Mary McIvor, often step out together and dance together all evening—because they like it. This same state of affairs exists with the Wesley Ruggles and Conrad Nagles as well as in the Bryant Washburn household.

EVELYN NESBIT, formerly Mrs. Harry K. Thaw, recently caused the arrest of four men on charges of disorderly conduct. She complained they entered the hallway outside of her apartment and that one seized her by the shoulders and made an insulting remark. The complainant said she knew none of the men. At the station house Miss Nesbit said that the men fled in a taxicab when she ran to the street yelling "fire" and calling for the police. The quartet returned later and encountered two policemen.

* * *

Can We Forgive Him?

The London Post reports the following—

There was fighting in the fo'c'sle; and the aggressor, a hard-faced, hard-fisted sailor man from Rotherhithe, was called upon to explain.

"That square-headed Swede miscalled me," he bellowed. "He said I was an Irishman, and I'm not. Me mother was a good Mexican lady and me father was two marines from Chatham!"

The explanation cordially accepted.

* * *

Pithole Philosophy

One time I got mad at a sassy kid; I said, "There is enough brass in your face to make a large kettle."

He said "Yes, and there's enough sap in your head to fill it."

The Wails of a Wolstead Wictim

Oh to spend "jack" like a Jackass; to have the "hips" of a hippo; the neck of a giraffe; the thirst of a camel and the "jag" of a jaguar.

* * *

Giving Him Fair Warning

She—"What are you thinking about?"

He—"Just what you're thinking about."

She—"If you do, I'll scream."—Phoenix.

* * *

The Way of a Lad With a Lass

He—"Hu-nnnh?"

She—"Nu'unnnh."

He—"P l e a s e."

She—"I told you NO!"

He—"Hu'nnnnnnh?"

She—"Nu'unnnnnnh."

He—"Huu'n n n n n nh?"

She—"Nu— Unnnnnnn'huh."

Smack!

* * *

Modern Literature

She nestled against the two strong arms that held her. She pressed her flushed cheek against the smooth skin-so near-so tan-so glowing.

"How handsome!" she cried, her eyes noting the fine straight back, the sturdy, well-shaped legs.

"How handsome!" she repeated. "I adore a leather upholstered chair."

Flapper Blues

Ain't no use of living, nothing gained,
Ain't no use of eating just pain,
Ain't no use of kissing he'll tell,
Ain't no use of nothing, Oh, well.

* * *

Djever Hear This One?

An Englishman bragged that he was once mistaken for Lloyd George. The American boasted that he had been taken for President Wilson.

Paddy said he had them all beat.

"A fellow walked up to me and tapped me on the shoulder and said 'Great God, is that you?'"

* * *

Pink Pills for Pale People

Lydia Pinkham recently received a love letter from the vegetable compound magnate reading as follows, our correspondents report:

"Do you carrot all for me? My bleeding heart beets for you. My love is as soft as a squash, but as strong as an onion. You are a peach with your radish hair and turnip nose. Your cherry lips and forget-me-not eyes call me. You are the apple of my eye, and if we canteloupe lettuce marry for I am sure we would make a happy pear."

* * *

Lovely Calves We're Having!

"Oh see the darling little cow-lets!"

"Miss, those are not cow-lets, they're bull-ets."

Pasture Pot Pourri

The other day a stranger walked up and asked me if I was a doctor. I informed him that I wasn't, but that I thought I knew where he could get some.

* * *

Some women get red in the face from modesty, some from anger, and some from the druggist.

* * *

Pour Her Back Into the Ocean

She wiggled, she waddled,
She leapt and she toddled;
She shivered, she quivered, she shook.
She rippled, she tripped,
She sprang and she skippled—
Her dance was "The Song of the Brook."

* * *

The Song of a Sailor

*"There's just one Gal in Galveston, but
there's More in Baltimore."*

* * *

I went into a restaurant. I said, "Have you got anything fit for a hog to eat?"

He said, "Yes, what do you want?"

* * *

When a married man gets his hair cut, his wife loses her strongest hold on him.

* * *

The barber has a scraping acquaintance with a great many people.

Essence of Sweet Peas

"The mean old thing wouldn't lettuce."

"Can we take a little spin-ach?"

"No, I'll see my car-rot first."

* * *

There is something mysteriously attractive about all mysteries—except hash.

* * *

A request has come from a Philadelphia reader that all our jokes be written on tissue paper so that he can see through them.

* * *

May Have Better Luck

(From Sedalia Correspondence of Rogers Democrat)

Mrs. Albert Evans didn't have good luck with her incubator. She had only thirty little chicks, but she is undaunted and she is setting again.

* * *

Mary wears her new short skirt,

Cut just about in half;

Who cares a slam 'bout Mary's lamb,

Now we can see her calf?

* * *

The woman with a past is always glad to see a man with a present.

* * *

The Latest Song "Hit"

By A. Balland Batt.

"When the Baseball season starts, Sweet-heart, I'll be running home to you."

* * *

Miss Marrietta Nutt will now render the latest "catch" "The toy shop business is booming since they show their Teddy bears."

We Expect a Free Can For This!

*I saw a girl the other day who was so bashful she asked
for a lady clerk when she wanted to buy some Arbuckle's
coffee.*

* * *

The Happy Ham

All smokers are inveterate;
Their vice becomes inured,
Only a ham can smoke and smoke,
And smoking still be cured.

* * *

I kicked a mongrel cur,
He uttered a mournful wail.
Where did I kick him, Sir?
Ah! Thereby hangs a tail.

* * *

*The most disgusting sight in the world is to
see another fellow in an automobile with your
best girl.*

* * *

The old inhabitant says, "I kin remember
when a young lady passed you, you always
could hear the rustle of stiffly starched skirts."

* * *

Naughty Egg

I wish I was a crow's egg
As bad as bad can be,
All cuddled up in a little nest
Way up in a big tree.
And when a grinning little boy
Looked up at me in glee,
I'd bust my naughty little self
And sprinkle him with me.

The Diamond Queen

Now on one hand she has an immense fortune and
on the other hand she has warts.

* * *

When a girl casts her bread upon the
waters, she expects it to come back in the shape
of a wedding cake.

* * *

*One of the season's popular football rooters'
song is that old familiar ballad "After the
Ball."*

* * *

The Hootch Hound's Lament

It's easy to stay two-thirds pickled all day,
Get drunk and sleep out in the yard,
But to put in a night without one drink in sight;
It's the getting back sober that's hard.

* * *

Love is a hallucination that makes an other-
wise sane man believe he can set up house-
keeping on a gas stove and a canary bird.

* * *

St. Paul Blues

*When I'm dead bury me deep,
Bury me in the middle of St. Peter street;
Put my hands across my chest
And tell the girls I've gone to rest.*

* * *

*"What a curve," said the garter, as it came
around the last stretch.*

* * *

Many a girl who never had her ears pierced
has frequently had them bored.

Movie Hot Stuff

MRS. JUANITA M. COHEN has filed a heart-balm suit for \$50,000 against Jackie Saunders for the loss of the love and affection of J. Warde Cohen, her husband. Jackie affirms that Mr. Cohen has no love for his wife and that no pretty stranger can steal anything which doesn't exist. Jackie and her lawyers cite several scenes that have taken place between the Cohens, all to prove that the little God Eros was not about. Rather a clever way to turn the matter about, Jackie!

* * *

AT SEVERAL recent parties and dinners attended by film stars and given since the Arbuckle affair has been disclosed, the picture people have not refused cocktails or wine offered by the host. The picture people have been drinking their cocktails with a bit of defiance as if to show the world that "there are plenty of us who can drink with moderation and do nothing to hurt our neighbor or disgrace the community."

Before prohibition made such conditions imperative, all of us might have thought the party a bit too free and careless if drinks were

served in hotel bedrooms and prelude parties to hotel dinners given on the upper floors. For those who still believe in the free rights of the individual, hotel bedroom drinking is the only kind allowed by law. Perhaps if the Arbuckle party had been allowed to order their drinks in a hotel lobby or tea-room, the tragedy of Miss Rappe's death would never have occurred.

At any rate, let it be said that at two large dinner parties given since the Arbuckle affair, the film people drank with decorum and several Pasadena and Los Angeles millionaire society men were the ones laid out to "rest and recuperate!"

Another party planned to take place on a yacht equipped with "orchid and rose suites," promising to border on the near dangerous, was declined by a number of prominent Hollywood stars. The party took place without the film folk, there being plenty of fast folk in the society set to attend who had no professional reputation to protect.

* * *

THE divorce case of the Charles Kenyons developed into an Alphonse and Gaston affair. Charlie Kenyon is the author of the successful play "Kindling" and has written many photoplays for the Fox and Goldwyn studios at which he has been employed.

During the hotly contested divorce suit, both accused the other of desertion. Mrs. Kenyon testified that when her husband came home late

at night and she upbraided him concerning the matter, he said he would have to live his own life and if he couldn't live it there, he would have to go somewhere else. Therefore, Kenyon deserted.

Kenyon, on the other hand, said that his wife deserted him because her actions and treatment of him made going away the only possibly manly act. Quite a paradox for you isn't it, Judge?

Mrs. Kenyon has previously divorced two husbands. It is said that Kenyon remained a bachelor several years while he waited for the present Mrs. Kenyon to free herself from her last husband and marry him.

* * *

H H. WATERS, scenario writer, was found clad only in a suit of pajamas, the other morning just outside the Hollywood Hotel. He was unconscious and bleeding profusely. The names of the other picture folk who attended the party have been kept under cover.

* * *

O UR Guv'ment's too annoying! The whole blasted Pacific fleet has been back in Los Angeles harbor since September without a movie guest aboard! You see there's some sort of a board of inspection from Washington going over the nuts and bolts, and its been considered tactful to keep the milk on the table and cover the Victrola!

WHILE Doug and Mary were recovering from a tremendous ovation in London and were receiving a similar welcome in Gay Paree, Charlie Chaplin native Englishman, was being slapped by the press of his native land. The London Post, for example, says this:

"Charlie Chaplin was good enough to remark on the sadness of the faces of the Londoners he met in his walks. Well, we went through a bit of a war while Charlie was in Los Angeles."

* * *

Going, Going, Gone!

When the rye is in the meadow
And the corn is in the shock
And your cellar's dry as powder
And your diamonds all in hock,
When the gin is all in Holland
And the home brew knocked sky-high
Oh, tell me Captain Billy
When the milk weed's going dry

* * *

How to Get the Cash

"Bonuses for Babies"
Is all the cry in France;
And so the largest families
Will get the biggest chance;
But where's the money coming from?
French Law for laughter bids
By taxing all the bachelors
For other people's kids!

* * *

The nox was lit by the lux of Luna,
It was a nox most opportuna,
To catch a possum or a coona.
The nix was scattered o'er the Mundus,
A shallow nix et non profundus.

* * *

The undertaker is always able to put up a stiff argument.

Classified Ads

The Colonel Knows His Cat

(From San Antonio Express.)

REWARD—Lost, Boston female, 8 months old, 12 lbs., mahogany brindle, screw tail, white chest, back of neck and blazed face. Col. M. L. Crimmins, 106 Groveland Place.

* * *

Why, Mabel!

(From St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

Miss Mabel Wilber, in the leading soprano role of Daisy the Barmaid, later Little Boy Blue, sang well and wore several masculine costumes which showed her versatility.

* * *

A Warm Proposition

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

Young man, 28, wishes the acquaintance of a lonely, stout lady; object mat. Box 500, Chronicle Branch, San Jose.

* * *

Hand In Hand

(From the Bald Knob, Ark., Eagle.)

A jolly bunch of our young people went on a kodaking expedition Sunday that resulted in many exposures and a very enjoyable time.

* * *

Like Dimples, They Come High

(From the Graceville, Minn., Enterprise.)

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Heimann, Sunday, August 7th, a son.

You can get one this month only for \$40.00. See Chris. Nelson, The Tailor.

* * *

The timid girl appreciates the sympathy that makes a man feel for her in the dark.

Bargain Day

The late Cy Warman, who deserted railway literature for a real railway job in Montreal, told this story at a luncheon not long before his death:

A Scotchman came upon an automobile overturned at a railway crossing. Beside it lay a man all smashed up.

"Get a doctor," he moaned.

"Did the train hit you?" asked the Scotchman.

"Yes, yes; get a doctor."

"Has the claim agent been here yet?"

"No, no; please get a doctor."

"Move over, you," said the Scot, "till I lie down beside you."

* * *

A Letter in Meter

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best way to meet her
Is to meter alone.

There are letters of accent
There are letters of tone,
But the best way to letter
Is to letter alone.

* * *

Page the Weather Boy!

The fancy display in hosiery on a rainy day affects a man's eyes to such an extent that he is always anxious to see it clear up.

* * *

Playing with loaded dice is shaky business at best.

Ain't It the Truth?

It usually takes a St. Patrick's Day parade longer to pass a bootlegging joint than any other point on the line of march.

* * *

The High Cost of Babies

The following is an original advertisement appearing in the Genesee (Idaho) News:

Eight Months' Warning.

After October 1st, all babies C. O. D.

W. H. Ehlen, M. D.

H. Rouse, M. D.

* * *

The Tattlers

Age and her little brother will always tell on a girl.

* * *

They nicknamed the baby Steamboat because they used a paddle behind.

* * *

A little boy wrote a composition on man and he said it was a person split half way up and who walks on the split end.

* * *

Something to Worry About

The pulse of Napoleon is said to have made only 50 beats a minute.

* * *

According to new regulations in the British army, each soldier in barracks is allowed 600 cubic feet of air space, and if the diet of the British soldier is the same as that of the Yank, the 600 feet is none too much.

Our Rural Mail Box

Dorothy—Your friend has been spoofing you. Beware of freak poker games. If you want to bet, cross the line to Tiajuana.

* * *

George—Stick 'em under the mattress to crease 'em but don't have the baby in bed.

* * *

Stock Clerk—There is only one sure way of making money following the ponies.

* * *

Madame Bozo—Stout women should not wear tight waists. Sizes up to 48 bust in basement.

* * *

Howsitt Pheal—You won't mind wearing amber glasses in the Islands, Howsitt, you'll get color blind anyhow.

* * *

Dottie—When he begins by saying, "Little girl, I'm old enough to be your father"—well, look out!

* * *

George—It is rude for a man to fall asleep while his wife is talking, but a man has to sleep some time.

Nisbet—You're like the Scotchman who said "Don't be backward in coming forward."

* * *

Luscious Lizzie—It is not considered correct table manners to blow on your coffee to cool it. You had better pour it in your saucer.

* * *

Silas Sawyer—Chewing tobacco is all right in its place. Refrain, however, from using it for decorative purposes.

* * *

Al B. Kirk—A Whuzzat is a trained tobacco-chewing dog employed by the Southern Railway to run alongside of fast express trains to spit on the coach trucks to keep the hot boxes from burning.

* * *

Fat Man—Your meaning is not quite clear. Do I understand you to say you cannot dance except with a concave partner?

* * *

Johnny—I can't use your story of the stove-pipe. It isn't clean.

* * *

Sapp—If you want a set of teeth inserted, would advise that you go and kick some cross bull dog.

* * *

Restauranteur—A swell meal would be dried apples and water, and you can get a chicken dinner for ten cents at any feed store.

A Christmas Gift!

Whiz Bang's greatest book—The Winter Annual Pedigreed Follies of 1921-22—hot off the press. Orders are now being mailed. There will be no delay as long as the supply lasts. If your news stand's quota is sold out—

PIN A DOLLAR BILL

Or your check, money order or stamps
To the coupon on the opposite page.

And receive our 256-page bound volume of jokes, jests, jingles, stories, pot pourri, mail bag and Smokehouse poetry. The best collection ever put in print.

REMEMBER, FOLK

Last year our Annual (which was only one-fourth as large as the 1921-22 book) was sold out on the Pacific Coast within three or four days, and not a copy could be bought **anywhere** in the United States within ten days.

So hurry up! First Come will be First Served!

Pin your dollar bill to the coupon and mail to the Whiz Bang Farm, Robbinsdale, Minn.

**Don't write for early back copies of our regular issues.
We haven't any left.**

Our Winter Annual

In addition to republication of gems of earlier issues of Captain Billy's Whiz Bang, the first complete Winter Annual of this great family journal contains a large variety of brand new jokes, jests, jingles, pot pourri, stories and smokehouse poetry. This book, Pedigreed Follies of 1921-22, contains four times as much reading matter as the regular issue of the Whiz Bang and sells for one dollar per copy. It is a book which will be cherished by the readers for years to come, and holds the greatest collection of red-blooded poetry yet put in print. Included in the list are:

Johnnie and Frankie, The Face on the Barroom Floor, The Shooting of Dan McGrew, The Harpy, Lasca (in full), The Girl in the Blue Velvet Band, Langdon Smith's "Evolution," Advice to Men, Advice to Women, Our Own Fairy Queen, Stunning Percy LaDue, Parody on Kipling's "The Ladies," Toledo Slim.

Orders are now being received and will be mailed in the order in which they are received. Tear off the attached blank and mail to us today with your check, money order or stamps.

Whiz Bang,
Robbinsdale, Minnesota.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is dollar bill, check, money order or stamps for \$1.00 for which please send me the Winter Annual of Captain Billy's Whiz Bang, "Pedigreed Follies of 1921-22."

Name.....

Address.....

Everywhere!

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at all leading hotels,
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One dollar for the
WINTER ANNUAL.

